



## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Captain Phineas P. Seraggy has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamship Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Seraggy naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gibney, likable but erratic, a man whom nobody but Seraggy would hire, is the skipper, Nella Halvorsen, a Norwegian, constitutes the tobacco lands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

**CHAPTER II.**—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Seraggy is engaged in freightage service, trucking from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie going ashore in a fog.

**CHAPTER III.**—A passing vessel halting the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the "Maggie II," with promise of a rich salvage. The tugboats succeed in pulling the Maggie II out of the fog, and the ship, for low tide and gets away in the fog.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Furious at the deception practiced on them, Captain Seraggy and Phineas, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Maggie II" and, for a time, Seraggy and Phineas become known along the waterfront, determining on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie II results in Captain Seraggy promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer.

**CHAPTER V.**—Seraggy refuses to fulfill his promise and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous luck, Seraggy ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of well-conducted business, McGuffey and Seraggy are stranded and their old positions on the Maggie II. They are eventually rescued by the "Maggie II" and on their way to San Francisco they shoot a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it.

**CHAPTER VI.**—The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden with treasure. Seraggy, Gibney and McGuffey, feeling for the Maggie, and his crew, attempt to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco. Their salvage money amounts to \$100,000.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Independently rich, our two adventurers will have a hard time feeling for the Maggie, and his crew, attempt to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco. Their salvage money amounts to \$100,000.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Seraggy sends to "double cross" his two associates, but Mr. Gibney outwits him and makes a satisfactory financial settlement with the Chinese company to whom the boiler has been consigned, leaving Seraggy out in the cold.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Gibney wants McGuffey's action in landing money to Seraggy without consulting him, and after a terrific row, contact the three separate. McGuffey becoming dissatisfied, Seraggy, an old tanker, Gibney disappears, and Seraggy, forced to leave the Maggie, takes a substantial position on a ferry steamer. Seraggy, a Mexican revolutionist, makes Seraggy a generous offer for transportation of munitions to Lower California. Seraggy accepts, and the old Maggie is once more put into commission. Arriving at the destination, Seraggy, his old companion, Mr. Gibney, is the consignee. Time having matured, the revolution is just. Gibney plans to steal the ammunition and convey it to revolutionists in Colombia. On their way they are attacked by a Mexican patrol, which they capture, though the Maggie is damaged so that it cannot be driven. On the run, to which they transfer, they find their old friend McGuffey acting as engineer.

## CHAPTER X.

"Well, Seraggy, old hunk, this is pleasant, ain't it?" said Mr. Gibney, and spat on the deck of the Maggie II.

"Right-o," replied Captain Seraggy cheerily, "though when I was a young feller and first went to sea, it wasn't considered no pleasant to spit on a nice clean deck. You might cut that out, Gib. It's vulgar."

"Passin' over the fact, Seraggy, that you ain't got no call to jerk me up on sea ettycay, more particular since I'm the master and managin' owner of this here schooner, I'm free to confess, Seraggy, that your observation does you credit. I just did that to see if you was goin' to take as big an interest in the new Maggie as you did in the old Maggie, and the fact that you object to me expectoratin' on the deck proves to me that you're leavin' behind you all them bay crew tendencies of the green-pate trade. It leads me to believe that you'll rise to high rank and distinction in the Colombian navy. Your fit, Seraggy. Expectoratin' on the decks is barred, and the Maggie II goes under navy discipline from now on. Am I right?"

"Right as a right white," said Captain Seraggy. "And now that you've given that old mate of mine the course, and we've temporarily plugged up the holes in this here Mexican gunboat, and everything points to a safe and profitable voyage from now on, suppose you delegate me as a committee of one to brew a scuttie of grog, after which the syndicate holds a meetin' and lays out a course for its future conduct. There's a few questions of rank and privileges that ought to be settled once and for all, as there can't be no come-back."

"The point is well taken and it is so ordered," said Mr. Gibney, who had once held office in Harbor 15, Master and Pilots Association of America, and knew a fragment or two of parliamentary law. "Rustle up the grog, call McGuffey up out of the engine room, and we'll hold the meetin'."

Twenty minutes later Seraggy came on deck to announce the successful concoction of a kettle of whisky punch; whereupon the three adventurers went below and sat down at the cabin table for a conference.

"I move that Gib be appointed president of the syndicate," said Captain Seraggy.

"Second the motion," replied McGuffey.

"Carried," said Seraggy, and proceeded to heat some water.

"Anything further?" stated the president.

"How about uniforms?" This from Captain Seraggy.

"We'll leave that to Gib," suggested McGuffey. "He's been in the Colombian navy and he'll know just what to get us."

"Well, there's another thing that's got to be settled," continued Captain Seraggy. "If I'm to be navigatin' officer on the flagship of a furrin' fleet, strike me pink if I'll do more cookin' in the galley. It's degradin'. I move that we engage some enterprisin' Oriental for that job."

"Carried," said Mr. Gibney. "Any further business?"

Once more McGuffey stood up. "Gentlemen and brothers of the syndicate,"



"Gentlemen and Brothers of the Syndicate," He Began.

he began, "I'm satisfied that the backbitin', the scurrilous, the petty jealousies and general cussedness that characterized our lives on the old Maggie will not be duplicated on the Maggie II. Them vicious days is gone forever, I hope, and from now on the motto of us three should be:

"All for one and one for all—United we stand, divided we fall."

This earnest little speech, which came straight from the honest McGuffey's heart, brought the tears to the commodore's eyes. Under the inspiration of McGuffey's unselfish words the glasses were refilled and all three pledged their friendship anew. As for Captain Seraggy, he was naturally of a cold and selfish disposition, and McGuffey's toast appealed more to his brain than to his heart. Had he known what was to happen to him in the days to come and what that simple little motto was to mean in his particular case, it is doubtful if he would have tossed off his liquor as gaily as he did.

"There's one thing more that we mustn't neglect," warned Mr. Gibney before the meeting broke up. "We've got to run this little vessel into some doghole where there's a nice beach and smooth water, and change her name. I notice that her old name Reina Maria is screwed into her bows and across her stern in raised gilt letters, contrary to law and custom. We'll snip 'em off, sandpaper every spot where there's a letter, and repaint it; after which we'll rig up a staid, new name for her bow and stern, and cut her new name, 'Maggie II,' right into her planks. Nobody'll ever suspect her name's been changed. I notice that the official letters and numbers cut into her main beam is E-C-P—0057. I'll change the F to E, and the C to O, and the P to R. A handy name with a wood chisel can do lots of things. He can change those nines to eights, the five to a six, and the seven to a nine. I've seen it done before. There we'll rig a foretopmast and a spinnaker boom on her, and bend a fisherman's staysail. Nothing like it when you're sailing a little off the wind. Seraggy, you have the papers for the old Maggie, and we all have our licenses regular enough. Dig up the old papers, Seraggy, and I'll doctor 'em up to fit the Maggie II. As for our armament, we'll dismount the guns and stow 'em away in the hold until we get down on the Colombian coast, and we'll be lying in Panama rapidly; the holes where my shots went through her, and puttin' new planks in her decks where the old planks' has been scored by shrapnel, the parquets will think we've passed over year supplies, McGuffey, and see if there's any paint aboard. I'll just as lief give the old girl a different dress before we drop anchor in Panama."

"Gib," said Captain Seraggy, earnestly, "I'll keel-haul and shill-drag the man that says you ain't got a great head."

"By the lord," supplemented McGuffey, "you have."

The commodore smiled and tapped his forehead with his forefinger. "Imagination, my lads, imagination," he said, and reached for the last of the punch.

Exactly three weeks from the date of the naval battle which took place off the Coronado Islands, and whereby Mr. Gibney became commodore and managing owner of the erstwhile Mexican coast patrol schooner Reina Maria, that vessel sailed out of the harbor of Panama completely rejuvenated. Not a scar on her shapely lines gave evidence of the sanguinary engagement through which she had passed.

Mr. Gibney had her painted a creamy white with a dark blue waterline. She had had her bottom cleaned and scraped and the copper sheathing over-

hauled and patched up. Her sails had been overhauled, inspected, and repaired wherever necessary, and in order to be on the safe side, Mr. Gibney, upon motion duly made by him and seconded by McGuffey (to whom the seconding of the Gibney motions had developed into a habit), purchased an extra suit of new sails. The engines were overhauled by the faithful McGuffey and a large store of distillate stored in the hold. Captain Seraggy, with his old-time aversion to expense, made a motion (which was seconded by McGuffey before he had taken time to consider its import) providing for the abolition of the office of chief engineer while the Maggie II was under sail, at which time the chief ex-officio was to hold himself under the orders of the commodore and be transferred to the deck department if necessary. Mr. Gibney approved the measure and it went into effect. Only on entering or leaving a port, or in case of chase by an enemy, were the engines to be used, and McGuffey was warned to be extremely saving of his distillate.

Mr. Gibney made a splendid job of changing the vessel's name, and as she chugged lazily out of Panama bay and lifted to the long ground-swell of the Pacific, it is doubtful if even her late Mexican commander would have recognized her. She was indeed a beautiful craft, and Commodore Gibney's heart swelled with pride as he stood aft, counting the man at the wheel, and looked her over. It seemed like a sacrilege now, when he reflected how he had trained the gun of the old Maggie on her that day off the Coronados, and it seemed to him now even a greater sacrilege to have brazenly planned to enter her as a privateer in the struggles of the republic of Colombia. The past tense is used advisedly, for that project was now entirely off, much to the secret delight of Captain Seraggy, who, if the hero of one naval engagement, was not anxious to take part in another. In Panama the freebooters of the Maggie II learned that during Mr. Gibney's absence on his filibustering trip the Colombian revolutionists had risen and struck their blow. After the fashion of a hot-headed and impetuous people, they had entered the contest absolutely untrained. As a result, the war had lasted just two weeks, the leaders had been inconspicuously shot, and the white-winged dove of peace had once more spread her pinions along the borders of the Gold coast.

Commodore Gibney was disgusted beyond measure, and at a special meeting of the syndicate, called in the cabin of the Maggie II that same evening, it was finally decided that they should embark on an indefinite trading cruise in the South seas, or until such time as it seemed their services must be required to free a downtrodden people from a tyrant's yoke.

Captain Seraggy and McGuffey had never been in the South seas, but they had heard that a fair margin of profit was to be wrung from trade in copra, shell, coconuts, and kindred tropical products. To this suggestion, however, Commodore Gibney waved a deprecating paw.

"Legitimate tradin', boys," he said, "is a nice, sane, healthy business, but the profits is slow. What we want is quick profits, and while it ain't set down in black and white, one of the principal objects of this syndicate is to lead a life of wild adventure. In tradin', there ain't no adventure to speak of. We ought to do a little black-birdin', or raid some of those Jap pearl fisheries off the northern coast of Formosa."

"But we'll be chased by real gunboats if we do that," objected Captain Seraggy. "Those Jap gunboats shoot to kill. Can't you think of somethin' else, Gib?"

"Well," said Mr. Gibney, "for a starter, I can. Suppose we just head straight for Kandavu Island in the Fijis, and scheme around for a cargo of black coral? It's only worth about fifty dollars a pound. Kandavu lays somewhere in latitude 22 south, longitude 178 west, and when I was there last it was fair reekin' with cannibal savages. But there's tons of black coral there, and nobody's ever been able to sneak in and get away with it. Every time a boat used to land at Kandavu, the native niggers would have a white-man stew down on the beach, and it's got so that skippers give the island a wide berth."

"Gib, my dear boy," chattered Captain Seraggy, "tis a man of peace and I—I—"

"Seraggy, old stick-in-the-mud," said Mr. Gibney, laying an affectionate hand on the skipper's shoulder, "you're nothin' of the sort. You're a fighter, tantarula, and nobody knows it better than I—"

(Continued on page nine)

## LEGAL NOTICES

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Pines in said county, on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. James C. Kress, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of ANDREW WELCH, Deceased.

John D. Sullivan having filed in said court his final account as administrator of said estate, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof.

It is ordered that the 17th day of January, A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be and is set for the hearing of the said account, and for the hearing of the said petition for the allowance thereof.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

A true copy. JAMES C. KRESS, Judge of Probate.

RECORDED & TAFT, Register of Probate. 31-41

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine**  
Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. The fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the body, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

## Business Guide

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Pere Marquette Railroad	
Westbound	Eastbound
8:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.
1:35 p. m.	4:15 p. m.
5:55 p. m.	8:55 p. m.
* Daily and Sunday	
Ann Arbor Railroad	
Northbound	Southbound
8:35 a. m.	7:15 a. m.
12:25 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
4:34 p. m.	12:10 p. m.
9:03 p. m.	4:58 p. m.
* Daily and Sunday	
10:30 p. m.	6:39 a. m.
Run Sunday only.	24-tr

**WATCH FOR**  
**Flowers, Plants, and**  
**Green Wreaths**  
—at—  
**Brunner's Drug Store**  
J. C. PARDEE  
Florist

## FIRE INSURANCE

**JOHN D. SPINNEY, Agent**  
Room 3, Pollack Block—Union Phone 85

## CARS RENTED

TO  
Reliable, Experienced  
DRIVERS  
Reasonable rates.  
PHONE 18  
**POTNAM BROS.**  
**TAXICAB**  
**CO.**

## Professional Cards

**THOMAS J. CARNEY, M. D.**  
General Practice and Surgery

Office Hours 2 to 4 p. m.  
508 Woodworth Ave. Alma, Mich.

**R. B. SMITH, M. D.**  
Practice Limited to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
GLASSES FITTED  
Hours: 9 to 11:30 a. m.; 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.  
Saturday evenings: 7 to 8  
Union Phone 211 Pollack Block  
ALMA, MICHIGAN

**DR. NELSON F. McCLINTON**  
Practice Limited to Diseases of Genito-Urinary System  
10:30 to 12:30, 1:30 to 4:00; Evenings 7:00 to 8:30 Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and by appointment.  
Bell 3605 Weichman Building  
SAGINAW, MICH.

**DR. FRED J. GRAHAM**  
PHYSICIAN AND  
SURGEON  
Office Hours: 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone: Union 41-21

**CARNEY HOSPITAL**  
Up-to-date—Prepared to care for all cases except contagious. Apply for rates.  
508 WOODWORTH AVE.  
ALMA, MICH.

**DR. E. G. SLUYTER**  
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN  
Treatment Colon and Rectal Diseases a specialty  
Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 4:30 and 7 to 9 p. m. Located over Alma State Savings Bank.

**DR. R. F. ERWIN**  
VETERINARY SURGEON  
513 Woodworth Ave.  
One block north Clapp's Hardware  
Union Phone 79

**RECORD WANT ADS**  
COST LITTLE—  
RETURN BIG.

**Licensed Embalmer**  
**Paul F. Crandell**  
DAY PHONE 5-RED  
NIGHT PHONE 469  
Funeral Director

**The Business Getter**  
AN AD IN  
**The Alma Record**  
Printing of Quality

**Walter C. Hardgrove**  
GENERAL INSURANCE  
Tel. 417 Residence 541 Wright Ave.  
ALMA, MICH.

**ALMA'S LARGEST RESTAURANT**  
**PARIS CAFE**  
Home cooking and baking  
Coolest Spot in Town

**CARRAS BROS., Proprietors**  
210 E. Superior St.

FOR  
FRUITS OF ALL KINDS  
ICE CREAM  
CANDY, CIGARS AND  
TOBACCO

SEE  
**FORTINO BROS.**  
Wholesale Fruit Merchants  
221 Superior St.

**LEWIS HUDSON**

REAL ESTATE  
AND  
INSURANCE

Office in the Dr. Suydam Block or  
Woodworth Ave.

**FEDERAL TIRES**  
GIVE YOU THE MOST  
FOR YOUR  
MONEY

**FULLER TIRE CO.**  
404 WOODWORTH AVE.

**Luchini Confectionery Store**  
ICE CREAM, CANDY, FRUITS  
NUTS, CIGARS, TOBACCO  
FLOYD LUCHINI, Prop.

## The European Cafe

NICK BARDAVILLE & CO.  
117 E. Superior St. Alma, Mich.

## Perfect Service

There are many things in the building material line that you want badly when at all.

It is our pride to excel in service and you may rest assured of prompt attention. We have at all times a large stock of Lime, Plaster, Cement, Pulp Board, Mill Board and Tile.

## Home Lumber and Fuel Co.

## SKUNK, MUSKRAT, MINK

We are prepared to pay the highest Cash prices for all kinds of Furs and Hides. Call us at our expense. Special prices for large lots.

We specialize in parts for all kinds of cars.

## E. B. Berman Iron &amp; Metal Co.

Phone 197

Alma, Mich.

**Licensed Embalmer**  
**E. C. Crandell**  
DAY PHONE 5-RED  
NIGHT PHONE 5-GREEN  
Funeral Director

**EDGAR M. WOOD**  
ARCHITECT  
ALMA - - - MICH.

**S. L. BENNETT**  
FIRE INSURANCE  
MARY M. DICKERSON, Clerk

ROOMS 1 and 2  
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

**DRY CLEANING AND DYEING**  
EXPERT REPAIRING  
First-class service guaranteed at a reasonable price.  
**Alma City Dry Cleaners & Tailors**  
Corner Woodworth and Superior

**GEO. R. COLBATH**  
Expert Piano Tuner

Player Piano Mechanic

With Sawkins Piano Co.

**C. L. SHORT**  
FANCY GROCERIES  
CASH AND CARRY  
Get the Habit—Carry a basket

ALMA, MICH.

BUY YOUR  
**CINDERELLA COAL**  
OF THE  
LITTLE ROCK COAL &  
LUMBER CO.

Park Ave. Phone 246

## NOTICE!

We have changed our location to 403 Michigan Avenue and will be glad to meet all our old customers as well as new ones. We pay top prices for Cream, Eggs and Poultry, all phone 136 for our prices.

**Wolverine Dairy Co.**